

THE **NEW!**

A Charlton
Publication

NUMBER 10

35c

HORROR MONSTERS



EXCLUSIVE

NEW only **MM** features
TRUE MONSTER FACTS

FROM THE
FILES OF **DOCTOR Kalman**

FIEND-FILMS: "The Curse of

FRANKENSTEIN"

"BLACK SABBATH"

"THE FROZEN GHOST"

NEW THE SENSATIONAL,
THE ORIGINAL...

ABC's of HORROR

NEW FIRST PRINTING OF **MM's**
SPINE-CHILLING STORY

"THE MONSTER IN THE TOMB"

EXCLUSIVE

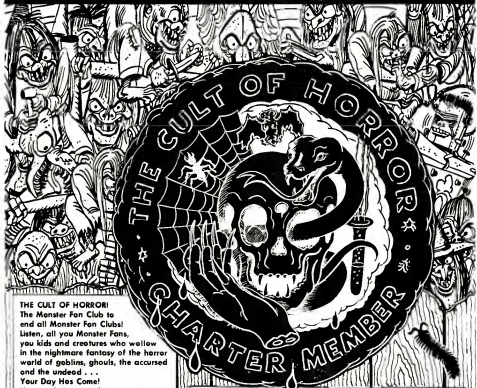


SPECIAL: That all-time Monster-Master **VINCENT PRICE**

FLASH!!!

YOU ASKED FOR IT!!!

IT'S HERE!!!

**THE CULT OF HORROR!**

The Monster Fan Club to end all Monster Fan Clubs! Listen, all you Monster Fans, you kids and creatures who wallow in the nightmare fantasy of the horror world of goblins, ghouls, the accursed and the undead . . .

Your Day Has Come!

You can become a charter member of the greatest Monster Fan Club of them all . . .

THE CULT OF HORROR!

Just send in the coupon below with your name, address and \$1.00 (one dollar). Yes, we said just \$1.00! And you will become a Charter Member of **THE CULT OF HORROR** and share in all its monstrous benefits.

Here is what you will get — you lucky creature you . . .

1. Special, horrible, Cult of Horror membership card, suitable for carrying in wallet or hanging in crypt. Also your secret membership number!
2. Special membership discount on Monster Merchandise as advertised in Mad Monsters and Horror Monsters magazines!
3. Reduced, special Cult of Horror Membership subscription rates to Mad Monsters and Horror Monsters magazines!

Secret Pledge:

*I, the undersigned, do solemnly swear on the ancient Egyptian Tome of Black Magic the **BOOK OF THOTH**, that I will keep secret the secrets of horror, recipes for witches brew and parlous potions, incantations and chants that evoke transitions to Werewolves, Vampires, Zombies, Warlocks, and other monstrous creatures of the shadow world of the Undead.*

With this pledge I become kin to all the Horror Things of night that crawl and creep and scream and fly . . . of clammy crypt, gruesome grave and monstrous mist . . . of dripping gore, fetid flesh and mouldy bone.

HM-10

Signed

Address

City and State

Here is your chance to join and become a charter member of the greatest Monster Club in the World. Don't wait — or it may be too late . . . Sign and send NOW!

Cult of Horror, P.O. Box 151, Derby, Conn.

HORROR MONSTERS

FIENDISH FEATURES

- HORROR MONSTERS HORROR READER** 3
A nightmare-inspired lesson from the school of shock.

- VINCENT PRICE** 6
A glimpse at the artist of extermination.

- BLACK SABBATH** 15
Triple treat in terror for those who can take it!

- THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** 24
The horrifying creature seeks new victims!

- THE FROZEN GHOST** 38
Will make your blood run cold!

SPECIAL TRUE ARTICLE

- THE FILES OF DOCTOR KALMAN** 32
True, shocking cases of vampires and the living dead.

SPECIAL FICTION STORY

- THE MONSTER IN THE TOMB** 12
Chilling tale of murder, monsters and madness!


FRIGHTENING FEATURETTES

- THEY DIED LAUGHING?** 11
- MONSTER MAIL BAG** 20
- GHOUL GIGGLES** 36
- PHOTO QUIZ** 30

SINISTER STAFF

- Bela T. Ziss** *Editor*
- Dolores L. Adnereb** *Art Director*
- Dr. K. Kalman** *Research Director*





SANZAR QUASATOAD IS MISSING!

Our former editor, Sanzar Quasatoad, has disappeared! When last seen, a thick growth of shaggy hair was sprouting on his craggy face, his body was stooped, and hostile, guttural tones rose from his throat. Others could see the changes in him but dared not vent their hideous thoughts. But the realization of the transformation taking place within him must have become obvious for we have received word that he has been transported to a small village in a distant European country.

Alas, few people realize that since we work in such close proximity with the Unknown, the Macabre, the Undead, the Lazy, we must be on constant guard lest some devilish spirit enter our souls or bodies... (we're ugly enough!) As editors of horror magazines we are on the borderline between the worlds of the living and the dead, the real and the unreal, the sane and insane. Sometimes we cross that borderline (not the last one) and learn unholy secrets, visit other worlds and delve in rites (and rongs) of black magic and witchcraft.

In future issues of the New Horror Monsters, we will bring you actual fantastic cases of people, like you, changing into hideous monsters, possessed creatures, distorted and inhuman! And you'll also find on our pages serious studies of the origins and existence of Werewolves, Vampires, Ghouls. Along with this, each big issue will present special fiction stories, movie reviews and all our regular features! But we want to hear from YOU readers. Send us your ugly pictures! Tell us your desires! We hope you approve of our new magazine, designed to entertain you, inform you, alert you against... MONSTERS, from this world... and the next!

Bela Z. Gish

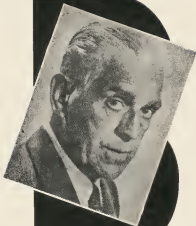
Editor

THE HORROR MONSTERS HORROR READER

Kiddies! HORROR MONSTERS school of shock and shudder is back in session. Here's your very own peril packed primer to identify your little monster friends. Tuck it under your pillows at night and your nightmares will come true. All together now . . . "A" . . .



A is for THE AMAZING
COLOSSAL MAN;
He is taller than
Anyone in the land!



B is for BORIS,
King of Fright Features;
He began his career
As the Frankenstein creature!



C is for CHANEY
Lon's his first name
By being a wolf man,
He gained movie fame!



D is for DRACULA
He's a vampire, bud;
Better watch out for him,
He's after your blood!

E



E is for EMPYRIAN,
Quite a monster is he;
Starred in *Outer Limits*,
He's been on TV!

F



F is for FRANKENSTEIN,
Known by all horror fen
As the creep who was made
From parts of dead men!

G



G is for GHOST,
Here with comic Hope;
But if you've been ghost-menaced,
Then you know it's no joke!

H



H is for HITCHCOCK,
The Master of Shock;
Alf produced *Psycho*
From the novel by Bloch!

I



I is for THE INVISIBLE
MAN, you can't see him;
What fun he must have,
It's too bad we can't be him!

(Continued on Page 23)

HORROR MONSTERS is honored to have as its guest...

VINCENT

PRICE

ARTIST AT EXTERMINATION



Very few mortals can claim they've been poisoned, stabbed, shot by bullets and arrows, bung, sent to the electric chair, drowned in a vat of wine, burned alive and buried under a fallen house.

Even fewer can claim to have survived such experiences.

Mr. Vincent Price happens to be one of these few.

But not only has he met shocking cinematic deaths as those described, he has also meted out a fair share of them on his own. In fact, since his first big, scare role in 1953 when he emoted opposite a gruesome collection of blood-hungry killers, thieves and inhuman sadists in the film *HOUSE OF WAX*, Vincent Price has been responsible for more monstrous mayhem at the movies than any other actor currently before the cameras. He's starred in dozens of celluloid chillers in which he has successfully sent his fellow actors (as well as audiences) into shock from which some have not yet fully recovered.

Contrary to popular belief though, this arch film fiend, this maniacal minded Man of A Thousand Vices who is known to the outside world as Vincent Price, was not born in a gloomy spider-webbed Poesque dungeon. Nor was he born in a Karloffian laboratory or in Lugosi's beloved Transylvania.

Vincent Price was not even born at midnight.

The Grand Guignol of Gore first saw the light of day in St. Louis, Missouri, on May 27, 1911, a date which should be marked in blood-red on all calendars. The son of a well-to-do family, Vincent was educated not at Victor Frankenstein's castle (another popular belief) but in private preparatory schools.

Later he went to Yale and then to the University of London where he was taking a post-graduate course, planning to become a professor or a curator of art, when—quite by chance—he set foot on the path that has now led him to be regarded as one of the most feared humans ever to trod the face of the Earth.

A London producer was staging *CHICAGO*, a drama dealing with American gangsters in the prohibition era. A friend of Vincent's told him that Americans were being sought for roles. For a lark, Vincent applied at the casting office and was hired to play a malicious detective.

Vincent discovered he liked being malicious as well as acting. Moreover, he proved to be very good at both.

After the run of *CHICAGO* he was signed to play the royal consort in *VICTORIA REGINA* and when that play opened in New York, Vincent was brought back from merry old England to appear in it again.

The American Theatre recognized Vincent literally overnight and he became a star—at 24 years of age!

Following the stage run of *VICTORIA REGINA*, Vincent was called to Hollywood to make his film debut in



Vincent is about to be shocked to death by The Tinger (Columbia, 1958).



As the Baron of Arizona in 1950, he strangled Ellen Drew while they discussed Greek art.



Publicity photo of Price when he was under contract to Universal Pictures, 1947.

SERVICE DELUXE. This was in 1936. For the next three years he was seen in many pictures that ranged from romances to westerns and back again, titles such as **GOOD-NIGHT SWEETHEART**, **SONG OF BERNADETTE** and **THE ADVENTURES OF BUFFALO BILL**.

It was in 1939 that Vincent truly set foot on the high-way of horror, starring with Karloff in Universal's **TOWER OF LONDON**. Vincent played a maniacal King intent on ruining the lives of those around him, mainly by ordering that their heads be chopped off by the Exalted Executioner of Evil, Karloff.

One year later, again for Universal, Vincent starred in a terror portrayal. The film was **THE INVISIBLE MAN'S REVENGE** and though audiences could not see him, Vincent was perfectly dastardly.

The success of his appearance in this Universal horror drama was so overwhelming that Hollywood studios were prompted to cast Vincent in other fright films. In 1944 he made the suspenseful **LAURA** with Gene Tierney, followed by the spine-snapping **DRAGONWYCK** and **SHOCK**. He appeared as an unscrupulous slave runner in **BAGDAD**.

Vincent returned to invisibility in 1948 for the Universal horror spook spoof, **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN**. He was not seen in the few minutes of film.



Vincent Price harasses Lionel Atwill in "The Invisible Man Returns" (Universal, 1939).



A medieval sorcerer in American-International's "The Raven."

Although Vincent was rapidly becoming more and more known for his macabre characterizations, in 1950 he played a straight comedy role in **CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR**, opposite Ronald Coleman and Celeste Holm. His portrayal of a mad soap tycoon has been unanimously decreed by critics to be just about the wackiest and funniest thing in ages.

But no sooner was Vincent through showering Coleman and Holm with soap flakes than he was back again planning more movie machinations, this time in the gripping **WEB**.

Vincent really burst into bestial blooming when he starred in the very first big scale 3-D film, the terrifying **HOUSE OF WAX** for Warner Bros., playing the crippled curator of a wax museum whose horribly disfigured face caused him to go berserk and seek out his revenge on the populace of Paris.

Fright role upon fright role followed for Vincent after the fantastic box office acceptance of **HOUSE OF WAX**. Audiences again saw him creep about in living 3-D when he was **THE MAD MAGICIAN** for Columbia in 1954. 20th Century-Fox signed him to combat **THE FLY**. Producer William Castle cast him in **HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL** (1958) and a year later in **THE TINGLER**. Vincent battled **THE BAT** for Allied Artists. (See *Mad Monsters* #9 and *Horror Monsters* #9).



Gene Tierney and the man of vice in 20th Century-Fox's "Laura."



Director Roger Corman (far right) discusses characterization portrayals with Vincent and co-stars of "House of Usher."



Villainous Vincent as you've never seen him before! From "Curtain Call at Cactus Creek", with Donald O'Connor (Universal, 1949).



"Diabolical Detectives"—Basil "Sherlock Holmes" Rathbone and Peter "Mr. Moto" Lorre interrogate "The Saint" Price on the set of "Poe's Tales of Terror" (AIP, 1962).



Vincent as he appeared in United Artists' "Tower of London."



Price was the Mod Magician for Columbia in 1954.



The Posha worns Marengo (Otto Woldis) that he will be given twenty lashes unless he brings more slave girls.



Vincent as the crippled curator of the "House of Wax."



The Triumvirate of Terror—Korloff, Lorré and Price ("The Raven").

When producer-director Roger Corman decided to fulfill a life long ambition and film the nightmarish tales of Edgar Allan Poe, he could think of only one actor to fill his needs—Vincent Price. The first Poe picture on the production schedule was *THE HOUSE OF USHER*, made in 1960 and released by American-International.

The initial Poe film was so successful that five years later the chilling combination of Corman-Price-AIP is still producing EAP pictures. With *PIT AND THE PENDULUM*, *THE RAVEN*, *HAUNTED PALACE*, *MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH* and *THE PREMATURE BURIAL* already under their belts, they plan on shocking the screen with an additional dozen or so Poe titles, including *DESCENT INTO A MAELSTROM*, *THE GOLD BUG*, *CITY UNDER THE SEA* and *MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE*.

Corman's *HOUSE OF USHER* was not, however, the first time Vincent enacted an Edgar Allan Poe role. In 1956 he starred on the electrifying *SUSPENSE* radio show on CBS in the story, *PIT AND THE PENDULUM*. Those fortunate enough to have heard this suspenseful broadcast can hardly forget that particularly frightening sequence wherein Vincent fought off hordes of hungry rats in the pit as the monstrous pendulum slowly arced its way down to him.

In between his Poesque portrayals Vincent has somehow found time to menace the movie theatres in such shockers as *DIARY OF A MADMAN*, a remake of *TOWER OF LONDON*, *LAST MAN ON EARTH* and *TWICE TOLD TALES*, among others.

Having originally received theatrical recognition via the stage, Vincent returns to his "first home" periodically and of course has appeared in a great number of radio and television shows. (Vincent was *THE SAINT* on radio for many years.) He also keeps up his altruistic interest in art, not only as a lecturer but as a collector and discoverer of fresh talent. His lectures on art, incidentally, are extremely popular round the world and he has become one of the highest paid lecturers ever.

Vincent has written many articles for national magazines such as *LOOK* and had his first book—*I LIKE WHAT I KNOW*—published by Doubleday a few years ago. Within three months of publication the book sold close to 20,000 copies and went into its fourth printing. Vincent is currently writing his second book, which, he claims, is about "some animals I have known".

In addition to his talks on art and artists, Vincent has been constantly through the years adding to his own collection which has become quite sizeable and which is considered one of the finest collections of its kind.

Vincent is also an amateur archeologist and anthropologist. His son, Vincent Barret Price, a senior in college, is majoring in anthropology. Vincent Sr.'s wife, the former Mary Grant, is a fashion designer for stage and screen and herself an avid art enthusiast.

In contrast to the diabolical roles he plays on the screen, Vincent is really quite a gracious and warm-hearted chap, always ready with a witty joke and accompanying grin and who confesses he loves making horror pictures.

"They're fun," he told this writer. "Especially these Edgar Allan Poe films, because of the medieval and gothic settings."

Vincent likes being a movie mouse and it seems rather obvious his fans like him that way too. He's died a thousand deaths and has himself caused a thousand more deaths and what with the plans Hollywood has for him, it looks like Vincent Price will be drawing upon his vast knowledge of sorcery, skullduggery and shock vices for at least another hundred years.

The End

THEY DIED

LAUGHING ??



"And when I talk, Doc, it 'hoits' right here."



"Hee hee ho ha . . . you're tickling!"



"For the last time, keep your junk in your own yard!"



"I don't understand it, Mother. All the other girls hove dates."

SPECIAL FICTION

A glimpse into the hideous future
for Horror Monsters readers only!
Get your library cards and join us
on a sickening tour of fear with . . .

THE MONSTER IN THE TOMB

by Samuel Gogel

On October 3, 1977, workmen demolishing a wing of the old Public Library at 42nd Street, New York, in preparation for the erection of the magnificent new skyscraper library-museum, broke through an interior wall into one of the subterranean stacks, and stopped to stare at a skeleton seated at a large desk, pen in hand, arrested by death in the act of making an entry in a diary. Directly behind him was a great pile of rats' bones about eight feet high, surmounted by a long human skeleton wearing spectacles and gripping a silver-headed cane.

Judging by the dates in the yellowing, dusty manuscript, Gerald Dubois had lived between row K and L three stories below the Main Circulation Room for 10 years, unsuspected by any of the 250 employees of the vast library. Portions of the diary will appear in the next four issues of this newspaper. The first installment follows below:

June 11, 1952

It is now a month that I have been living here. I have no thought of the upper world. This is all my world now. At first I was afraid that Susan would come for me, but now I am not worried about anything. I have found that my studies can fill my life and thoughts completely. A month ago I did not even dream that all this blessed sanctuary would be mine, but I have since come to feel it is my rightful heritage.

I remember that Susan was reading a letter from my father when I came home from work and asked about supper. She did not raise her eyes from the letter. Joey, Bernice, Abe and Willie were at the table ready to eat, and Naomi, Alex, Harry and Bella were lined up in the hall waiting for the chairs. I sat down at the table. Finally I lost patience and asked, "Susan, how about supper?"

She answered, "There is no supper." This was palpable nonsense, for there was always some neighbor or other who would come in during the day with some bread and

soup if nothing else. "How much did you make today?" she asked.

I hesitated, for it was painful to say. "Nothing," I said.

"And yesterday," Susan demanded, turning to face me, her voice rising to the familiar pitch of *hysteria* and her eyes glistening now, "and the day before, and the day before, and every goddamn day . . ."

I saw Joey's lip begin to quiver, for he especially feared and hated his mother's abuse of me. I also found these outbursts unbearable for I felt my skin was peeled from my body each time I was tarred and feathered by her bottomless contempt, and my nerves were raw.

"It is not my fault," I answered fairly and rationally, "if the women do not wish to buy stockings. I present my full demonstration to every single customer, and lay all my stockings out on the floor in the hall," but Susan would not listen to my orderly explanation.

"Begger!" she shrieked, "Panhandler! Your father offers you a job as a college professor and you spit on it. Children," and she turned to the little ones, who were now all sobbing openly, "your father is a bum. Listen to this and see who is right." Here she took a stance in the middle of the room like Demosthenes haranguing a mob, her stockings falling ridiculously about her ankles, and loudly read my father's letter:

Chicago University
Chicago, Illinois
April 15, 1952

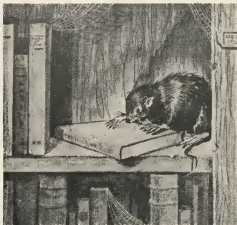
Dear Susan,

In reply to your telegram, I hasten to assure you that the position of instructor in Philology, about which you have inquired so many times, is still open, and is available to Gerald any time he comes here to teach, at a salary of \$3600.

Give Gerald and the children my regards.

Affectionately yours,
Professor Alonzo Dubois
Dean of Languages

"I have frequently clarified my firm position," I explained with unflagging courtesy and patience, "that I cannot expose myself daily to an assorted rabble of callow, bored, unimaginative clods and ruffians, who sit through my lectures with undisguised hostility and equally undisguised stupidity. I have tried it long enough to know that a life like that is, for me, not worth living. My father is very kind to offer me a job again after my last fiasco, but he just can't realize that I am not as thick-skinned as he is. I am a man of refined sensibilities, an esthetically . . ."



"You are a bum who sits all day in the library reading worthless books no one else will look at. Go sit in the library with your friends the bums—go, go, go,—there is no supper here for you."

Shrieking wildly in this manner she opened the door with one hand, grabbed my collar with the other, and pulled me backward out of the door. I still hush and turn hot and cold when I think what a shame it was for the children. Hungry as I was I went back to the library, which was still open.

Having free access, as a scholar, to the stacks, I went immediately downstairs to the Philology section, not wanting any of the curious idlers to see the tears marching stubbornly down my cheeks. I walked for hours through the corridors in sub-basement IE, going over every detail of the degrading scene in my home, reviewing the arguments I might have used to show Susan how terribly wrong she was. There are not many who have my dedication to truth for its own sake—this is a quality Susan never appreciated in me. Quite suddenly the lights went out, and, in absolute darkness, I lay down where I was and fell asleep. Truly, I slept like a log, for I was exhausted by four hours of demonstrating stockings, eight hours of study, and 20 years of worry.

At 9:00 A.M. the lights came on automatically, and their sudden eruption awakened me with a start. I looked about at the rows of books and sighed contentedly. I soon found a drinking fountain with excellent water, and then arranged some books on the large desk in the center of the aisle. On the desk I found pens, ink and paper, and above it was an exceptionally large light. I believe

the desk must have been used by the chief of this department, who put up the sign on the outer door which reads, "Absolutely No Admittance," and has long since died or retired, judging by the dust on his desk. To this sign I ascribe the absolute quiet here, for apparently none but me has had the temerity to challenge its ancient authority.

After some study, I felt some pangs of hunger. I rose and walked rapidly about with the book in my hand, reading aloud. Out of the corner of an eye I saw an enormous rat chewing on a book. Taken aback at his insolence, I stopped to stare, but the huge beast did not even turn to glance at me. Quite outraged, I raised my book high over my head and brought it down with all the strength of indignation on his humped back. I heard a crack and crunch and knew his back was broken. For a moment I stared curiously at the body, and with a sudden insight realized that this was the meal I needed. With my penknife I peeled off the hide and cut off a small piece of meat, when I realized that years of social living had spoiled me for raw meat. I saw above me the solution to this problem, and standing on the desk, I held the rat over my head and pressed it against the large lightbulb, even as some long-forgotten priest of the Tigris-Euphrates Valley might have held up an offering to the Sun-God 7,000 years ago. I held it so for half an hour, (while hunger made itself more insistent), then turned it on the other side for twenty minutes.

I found the meat quite tender and delicate, not much different from rabbit, and was delighted that I had finally solved the one problem that had plagued me so insistently for 20 years—the problem of procuring adequate nourishment—for there were plenty of these splendid animals racing about among the stacks. According to the classification of Tullberg (1899), these would be the brown or Norway rat, (*Rattus norvegicus*), which the Encyclopedia Britannica says . . . "is distinguished by its large size, brownish gray color, short tail and ears, stout skull, and the possession of from 10 to 12 teeth. It is fierce and cunning, and overcomes all allied species with which it is brought into contact."

Of the ferocity and cunning of my provident companions I was soon to be made sharply aware in many unforeseen ways. Eventually I found the most successful manner of catching them is simply by resting all the unabridged German dictionaries precariously over the edges of shelves here and there, with strings drawn over them and attached to pieces of rat-meat on the ground, so that a nibble would send a book crashing. The best German dictionaries are capable of breaking the back of any rat, and I was kept busy replacing fallen books. At times, however, I feel like a cannibal, for among my victims have been the close companions of weeks.

September 18, 1952

I see that my last entry was made over three months ago. This is shameful, for I should have recorded my experiences while they had the bloom of freshness on them. Last month, for instance, I discovered Friedrich Muller's "Grundriss der Sprachwissenschaft" in tier 80K. This is a survey of all the known languages of the inhabited earth with short grammatical sketches, and specimens of each language, in eight volumes. My joy in discovering this incomparable study, which has been out of print since 1870, is absolutely beyond all imagination. And only three days later I ran across Father W. Schmidt's "Die Sprachfamilien und Sprachenkreise der Erde," and standing beside it was Father Schmidt's "De Ingeniis Spiritualibus," a Latin translation of an Arabic version of a lost original.

December 9, 1952

(Continued on Page 46)

Let your heart pound out a
trilogy in terror . . .
and your sticky blood ripen
for the unholy feast of . . .

BLACK SABBATH

Ghosts, vampires and horror in a
terrifying triad!

Presented by **HORROR MONSTERS**
and American International Pictures

"THE WURDALAK"

BORIS KARLOFF
MARK DAMON
SUSY ANDERSON

While riding through the misty vapors in mountain regions of eastern Europe, a young nobleman, comes upon a horse carrying the recently *decapitated* body of a man. He leads the horse and its grisly burden to a nearby mysterious farmhouse inhabited by a fear-ridden family group—Peter, George, George's wife, Martha, her little boy, Ivan, and their young sister, Sdenka (SUSY ANDERSON). Peter and George identify the headless body as that of the bandit, Alibek, and drive a sword through the heart of the *corpse* to prevent it from becoming a wurdalak, vampire corpses thirsty for the blood of the living, "of those they have loved most dearly". They further explain that the more a wurdalak has loved someone, the more it thirsts for that person's *blood* . . . children, relatives, dearest friends . . . and whomever they kill for this craving also becomes a wurdalak unless a stake is driven through the heart.

The family then explains that they fear for their father, (BORIS KARLOFF) who before going away to kill Alibek, had warned that if more than five days pass before his return, he will have become a wurdalak. While they wait, Vladimir and Sdenka become attracted to each other and then, at the exact hour marking the passage of five days, Gorca returns carrying with him the decapitated head of Alibek.

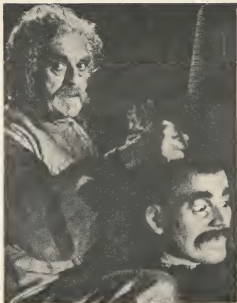
It is apparent that a change has come over the old man and we soon learn that he has indeed become a wurdalak when he kills Peter and flees with little Ivan in his arms.

Vladimir sees Gorca leave with the child and rouses the family but too late. Later they find Ivan, *killed* like the others, a gaping wound in the neck—the mark of the wurdalak.

Vladimir and Sdenka confirm their loves and the young noble asks her to go away with him, far from the cursed farmhouse. Meanwhile the *bloody* work of the wurdalak continues with first Martha and then George, killed and emptied of their blood as Vladimir and Sdenka seek refuge in an old convent many miles from the scene. But Gorca comes after his last loved one and claims Sdenka, who in turn *kills* an unsuspecting Vladimir while they are locked in an embrace, hringing the wurdalak cycle to its horrible climax.



With fearful hearts, the family awaits the return of Gorca (Boris Karloff).



Gorca returns, carrying the decapitated head of Alibek.



With little Ivan in his arms, Gorca flees the house.



The mournful ghost of Ivan appears outside the dwelling.



Gorca frightens his family by returning as a Wurdalak.



The Wurdalak and two of his victims peer into the house.



Sdenka (Susy Anderson) is horrified by what she sees.



Fearfully the young couple await their doom.

"THE DROP OF WATER"

Helen Corey (JACQUELINE PIERREUX), a shady nurse, leaves her cluttered room one stormy night and goes grumbling to the aid of elderly Madam Perkins (MILLY MONTI). When she arrives at the dark and dismal house the old woman is *dead*, looking as if she died of fright. Helen rips a large diamond ring from the finger of the *hideous* corpse and puts it on her own finger when she gets home. That night she is haunted by the sound of dripping water and, though she turns off the faucet, the dripping continues and gradually *terrorizes* her. The culmination comes in alternate periods of silence and dripping when she sees the ghost of Mrs. Perkins, its withered face contorted in a grimace of disgust, which descends upon Helen to put dead hands about her throat. When the police find Helen's body, her hands locked at her throat, eyeballs bulging, her face distorted in terror, they discover that her finger is cut and discolored as if a ring had been torn from it.



Jacqueline Pirreux portrays Helen, the lovely nurse.



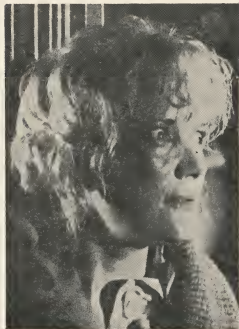
Mrs. Perkins' maid is afraid to go near her body.



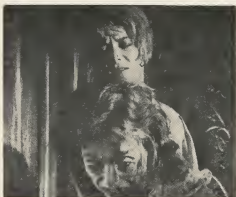
Helen must prepare the corpse herself.



Temptation is too much for Helen; she steals the dead woman's ring.



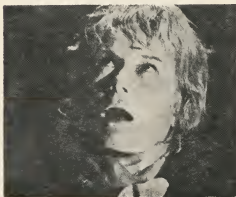
Helen is terrified at the horrible sight that confronts her.



She shudders at the ugliness of the old woman's corpse.



The ghost of Mrs. Perkins advances on the fear-stricken girl.



Hands squeeze out her life as Helen realizes she is dying.

"THE TELEPHONE"

Rosy (MICHELE MERCIER), a lovely young lady-about-town, returns to her lonely apartment and prepares to undress for bed. She receives mysterious telephone calls that drive her gradually hysterical. At first there is no one on the line, but in later calls a man's voice speaks intimately and admiringly of her body, filling her with fear and distraction. The calls continue, telling her each move she has just made. Then the caller warns that he is coming from death to *kill* her that night. Rosy telephones her girl friend, Mary (LIDIA ALFONSI), and



Rosy is terrified by a mysterious telephone call.



Mary's struggles are useless against this unknown murderer.



Rosy awakens terrified as the killer advances.

begs for her help. The caller says he is one whom Rosy had betrayed and sent to prison and to *death*. Mary arrives and is staying up while Rosy is asleep. The dead convict's ghost slips into the apartment and strangles Mary, thinking it is Rosy. When he discovers his mistake, he turns to kill the awakened Rosy, who reaches for a knife and *plunges* it deep into his heart. The bloody body lies still; the dead man's voice comes over the telephone while Rosy shrinks back in insane terror. The dead man tells her that he will be around to torment her forever, forever, forever . . .



Mary (Lidia Alfonsi) tries to subdue Rosy's fears.



The strangler realizes too late that he had the wrong victim.



Lovely Michelle Mercier (Rosy) seems doomed to her fate.

HORROR MONSTERS

MAIL

MAIL

MAIL

MAIL

MAIL

MAIL

Dear Ghoul,

I just rose out of my coffin from a good day's sleep. Me and my friends formed a club all about Monsters and Vampires. Every month we have a newspaper called "The Ghoul's Two Gazet." Each week we have the meeting in someone's coffin. We pay 25¢ dues. When we save up enough money from the dues, we buy Monster books, skulls, monster rings, masks, fake blood, monster nails and many more things to do with monsters. We do not have a name for our club so maybe you can make a suggestion. You better publish this letter or I'll bite your neck.

Your fiendish fiend,
Rooald Sandberg

P.S. Get me a date with Fraakensteio's daughter.

First of all, Ron, we're not ghouls, we're boys. And as for Frankenstein's daughter, sorry, she's already been staked out. Glad you have a newspaper—now have a ball! My suggestion for your club is to name it quickly (or Rapidly, whichever you like more) and remember: it's better to hold a meeting in someone's coffin than in someone's sneeze. We've published your letter; now stop being a pain in the neck.



Dear Ed.,

Your mag is Great! Colossal! Stupendous! and even good. Now that I've buttered you up a little bit how 'bout priotig this in behalf of the organizatioo I represent? The National Horror Association is now welcoming new meml.ers. The dues are 75¢ per year for which one receives: club card (professional priotig job), burial certificate, surprise 8x10, and the club publication, The Horror Herald, which is available to noo-members for 15¢. It is mainly for serious minded borror lovers. The address is 1425 Peabody Ave., Memphis 4, Tenoesssee.

Respectfully,
David Buechner

Butter luck next time, David. Around here we appreciate "bread" much more. We are always glad to print in behalf of an organization—it gives us a chance to cut up. I was serious once and I minded terribly. As for being a borror lover, you should see my girl! Incidentally, what kind of certificate do you bury? And what kind of new members do you want?

Dear Editor,

This Christmas Eve my sister and I are going to spend the night in our coffins with the lights on. We need this practice because when the meo come in our rooms, we must be able to strike before they can drive a spike through our hearts. Anyway, your TV guides to ghouls are horrible. Keep up the good work.

Ghoulishly yours,
Bill Lindau, Jr.
Winston-Salem, N.C.



Dear Bill, you'd better have more on than the lights. I don't know what you've been spiking, but it didn't go to your heart. I hope Eve has her own coffin.



Dear Fiends,

I was reading the paper the other day, and I suddely spotted an ioteresting and somewhat insulting article. It ran something like this:

BATS ARE DANGEROUS

The razor sharp teeth of the vampire bat can cut cleanly and painlessly. The sleeping victim usually doesn't even notice that he has been bitten. The bat takes only an ounce or two of blood. The bite itself is not dangerous but the bat is often a carrier of rabies or some other disease.

Now, I have a large umber of bats (I'm a vamp myself) and I feel that the last statement in this article is unfair to my bats. They don't carry di-

shots. You see, they've all had their shots.

I remain, my dear fiends, your obedient servant,
Chris Grekoff

P.S. Your mag is great! Keep up the good work, or else . . . heh . . . heh . . . heh!

Apparently that article didn't run fast enough, Chris. It's not your bats I'm worried about. It's your belfry. Everyone knows bats are too lazy to carry anything. The next time you suddenly spot, why not try stripes instead? Or else what? Heh . . . heh. We've all had our shots, too—one every hour, on the rocks.



Dear Editor,

Because of your outstanding publications of *Horror Monsters* and *Mad Monsters*, we would like our picture of "Joe the Ghoul" in your next issue if possible.

Your mad monster friends,
John Campbell
Peter Lipor
Brooklyn, N. Y.



We would like to take issue with it, too. Even though Joe is sitting we think he's been outstanding—in the rain too long. That cabbage on his shoulders is getting ripe.

Dear Editor,

My friend, the Unknown Creature, and me, Count Dracula, got together and we didn't have much brotherly love for, like hillbillies feuding, we almost killed each other. But some men with guns and stakes came so we took off. Here are the pictures the newspaper men took. We happen to be wanted.

Yours monstrosously,
Count LeRay Kurtz
Eugene Berardo
South Amboy, N. J.



I wouldn't place any stakes on that. We wouldn't want you if you keep taking things off. And that creature isn't unknown, that's Bedsheet Berardo, notorious sheet stealer.

HORROR MONSTERS

MAIL

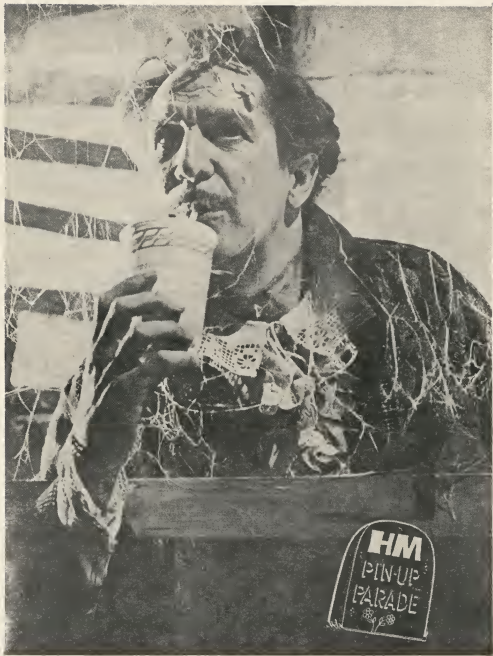
MAIL

MAIL

MAIL

MAIL

MAIL



Our guest of the month, Vincent Price.



HORROR READER (Continued from Page 5)

J is for JEKYLL,
A scientist first-class;
Jekyll drinks the serum,
Mr. Hyde rinses the glass!

K is for KOGAR,
You'll be seeing him soon;
He prowls a dungeon
In the film, *Haunted Tomb!*



L is for LUGOSI,
The most fearsome vampire;
But look at his face,
He should be in a church choir!

M is for THE MONSTER
THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD;
He destroyed all the men
But saved all the girls!

(Continued on Page 37)

Beware . . . !
An undead creature
forced into a hostile world
seeks to ravage the living!
Flee while you may . . . to avoid . . .

THE CURSE OF



Christopher Lee as the monstrous Frankenstein Monster.

F



Peter Cushing stars as the Baron.

RANKENSTEIN



Frankenstein and Kempe in their mad lab.

Warner Bros. Studios has quite a knack for making films that kick off whole new trends or cycles in the motion picture business. The most outstanding example of this particular talent of theirs is, of course, *THE JAZZ SINGER* with Al Jolson, the very first talkie, though other noted titles readily come to mind when pondering Warner-firsts:

DEAD END introduced audiences to the juvenile delinquent "Dead End Kids" (who became "The East Side Kids" and later "The Bowery Boys") thus paving the way for other young congregations such as "The Gas House Kids" and "The Teenagers".

PUBLIC ENEMY with the great Cagney, was the first socially important gangster film and the forerunner of

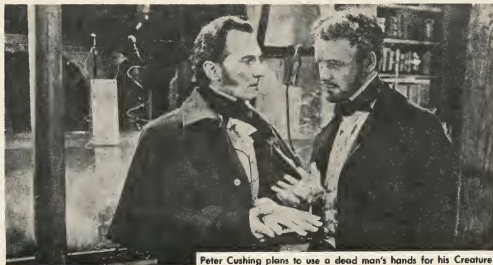
an entire gangland-style (funeral) procession of such films.

The list of Warner-firsts is endless.

The Brothers Warner though have been anything but lax in the field of horror films.

In 1953 they gave a monstrously mighty kick off to the 3-D screen process by releasing *HOUSE OF WAX*, actually a modern version of the studio's 1933 hit, *MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM* starring Fay Wray, one of the very first color fright films. *HOUSE OF WAX* was the first big scale tri-dimensional movie, the first horror tale ever so presented and the very first in the continuous series of Vincent Price shock portrayals.

Obviously not content with racking up three Firsts in



Peter Cushing plans to use a dead man's hands for his Creature.



Frankenstein and unsuccessful first experiment.

horror that year, the studio followed up in 1954 with the first Big Bug Picture, *THEM!*, predecessor of such monstrous pieces of celluloid as *BEGINNING OF THE END*, *TARANTULA*, *THE GIANT BEHEMOTH* and *MONSTER FROM GREEN HELL*.

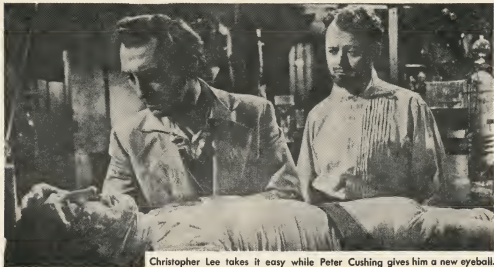
Some thirty-six months later, WB added another First to their title catalogue—the Hammer Films production of *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*.

This picture was the first big (Warner) color horror film produced on a grand classical scale. The screenplay by Jimmy Sangster was based on the Shelley novel *Frankenstein* and was more or less quite a literal adaption of the celebrated work (also a first for films!).

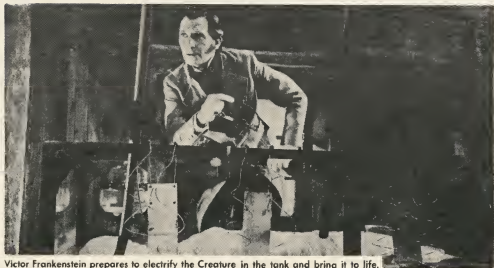
More important, *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* served

to renew the public's interest in the Shelley character which lay dormant over at Universal for nine years (*ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN* in 1948 was the last in the Universal series). The picture also brought about a revival of many older horror characters from previous decades. Following on the successful heels of *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* came *HORROR OF DRACULA*, *THE MUMMY*, *CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF* and a slew of other films boasting these terrors—*BLOOD OF DRACULA*, *TEENAGE WEREWOLF*, *RETURN OF DRACULA* and so on.

IN *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* the role of the infamous Baron Frankenstein the genius behind the creation of the cadaverous creature, was played by Peter



Christopher Lee takes it easy while Peter Cushing gives him a new eyeball.



Victor Frankenstein prepares to electrify the Creature in the tank and bring it to life.

Cushing who became a star "over night" due to this appearance. (Cushing has been in films since 1938.) In addition to bearing a striking resemblance to another famed British actor, Basil Rathbone, Cushing's cinema career had taken a similar turn in that Rathbone's road to stardom too was paced with a Shelley-based appearance, that of Baron Wolf, the SON OF FRANKENSTEIN.

In the film Cushing as Baron Victor Frankenstein is condemned to death for a series of hideous murders. He tries in vain to convince his jailors that the crimes were not his but those of a strange half-human Creature he had created in his secret laboratory.

Realizing that no one believes him, Frankenstein asks for Paul Kemp (played by Robert Urquhart), his former

tutor and assistant, to confirm his story that the Creature, composed of a highwayman's dead body, the hands of a dead sculptor and the brain of a brilliant scientist, had been brought to life by them.

Paul however had become sickened when the experiment resulted in a grotesque Creature with homicidal tendencies and left the castle, returning only for Frankenstein's intended wedding to his cousin Elizabeth (raven haired Hazel Court).

Before the ceremony though, Paul realizes Elizabeth knows nothing of the experiments which Frankenstein was still carrying on and urges her for her own sake to cancel the wedding and leave the castle.

Elizabeth refuses and nearly becomes a victim of the



Cushing and his assistant Urquhart bring to life a monstrous creature.



The Frankenstein Monster, 1957.



Enraged, the Baron attacks his friend Paul Kempe.

Creature.

She is saved by Victor who destroys the Creature by fire.

Paul finally visits Victor Frankenstein in prison but denies having knowledge of the Creature, thus leaving the Baron to pay for his crimes . . .

Hammer's **CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** is memorable in all areas of creativity except that of makeup. Although Christopher Lee, the ex-fighter pilot turned monster, was subjected to some four hours of arduous makeup each day while enacting the role of Frankenstein's creation, one would almost have suspected Lee of applying his own makeup while running blind-folded around the sound stage. At best, the makeup was inferior.

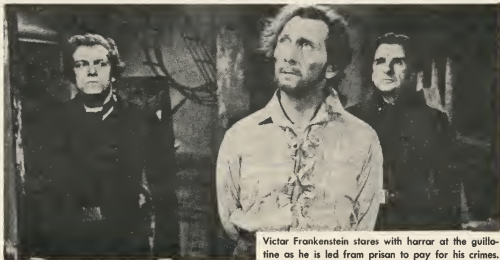
It is, however, understandable why the original Mon-

ster makeup was not used in the Hammer film. Universal Pictures copyrighted the Famous Frankenstein **Monster** Makeup years ago. It's all theirs. They own it. Nothing short of a lawsuit would ensue should another studio use it in a film.

CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN kicked off a new cycle in horror films but is primarily a good picture, well worth seeing a couple dozen times over. At last word Hammer and Warner Bros. have decided to film another Frankenstein epic, tentatively titled **EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN**, though it is doubted this picture will kick off another new trend.

But of course, you can't win 'em all, you know.

The End



Victor Frankenstein stares with harrar at the guillotine as he is led fram prison to pay for his crimes.

HORROR MONSTERS PHOTO QUIZ

Time again to take a terrifying trip down Monster Movie Memory Lane! You'll find this one of the eeriest excursions ever! As always, passage aboard the S.S. HORROR MONSTERS is free, though we do not guarantee your safe return to civilization—UNLESS you pass our Fright Flicker Film Quiz! So all aboard that's going aboard! Stranded passengers will find the correct answers printed at the bottom of the next page, upsidown!

SCORING

- 6 RIGHT—You're a First Class Passenger on the Ship of Shock!
4-5 RIGHT—A Second Class Horror Historian is what you are!
2-3 RIGHT—Aren't you glad you took along copies of HORROR and MAD MONSTERS with you on your trip?
0-1 RIGHT—Too bad, fellas! Our ship left you behind and the headhunters are closing in on you!



These two revolting goons stalked across the shocking silver screen in:

- 1** A—HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER
B—HOW TO UNMAKE A MONSTER
C—TWO FOR THE SEESAW
D—GIDGET MEETS CLEOPATRA



Boris Karloff is up to more macabre machinations in the scare-sational shock epic:

- 2** A—MAN IN THE IRON MASK
B—THE DEVIL COMMANDS
C—TOM SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRIC SURFBOARD
D—DANTE'S INFERNO



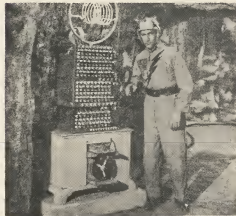
Lionel Atwill is confronted by Lewis Stone in the classic Universal picture:

- 3** A—DR. KILDARE GOES MAD
B—LASSIE'S DOG POUND ADVENTURE
C—MAN MADE MONSTER
D—THE ATOMIC MONSTER



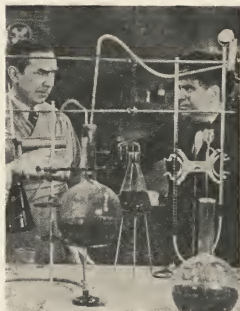
Monstrous Glenn Strange and a Mad Doctor are about to extract Huntz Hall's little brain in this scene from:

- 4** A—BOWERY BOYS MEET BELA LUGOSI
B—EAST SIDE KIDS GO NORTH
C—MASTER MINDS
D—DEAD END KIDS VS. THE BEATLES



Cosmic Star Judd Holdren displays his Electronic Thought Wave Transfer machine which was seen in the movie serial:

- 5** A—THE LOST PLANET
B—THE FOUND PLANET
C—CAPTAIN VIDEO
D—COMMANDO CODY, SKY MARSHAL



Dracula himself, Bela Lugosi, is threatened by a Do-Badder in the fright flicker:

- 6** A—PALM SPRINGS WEEKEND
B—BATS IN MY BELA-FRY
C—LAST DAYS OF POMPEII
D—THE PHANTOM CREEPS

ANSWERS

- #1—HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER, American-International, 1958
#2—THE DEVIL COMMANDS, Columbia Pictures, 1958
#3—There are TWO correct answers! The film's original title was MAN MADE MONSTER. Years later the monster was re-released under the title THE ATOMIC MONSTER.
#4—MASTER MINDS, Monogram Pictures, 1949
#5—THE LOST PLANET, Columbia Pictures, 1959
#6—THE PHANTOM CREEPS, a Universal serial

HORROR MONSTERS EXCLUSIVE

After much difficulty, we are pleased to announce that we have received permission from Dr. K. Kalman, Professor of the Occult, the Mystic, Black Magic, and Vampirism, to delve into his vast confidential files to bring you a series of articles on the Living-Dead.

We will start off with a serious thought, a few words on a subject of controversy, and ask you . . .

VAMPIRES-FACT OR FICTION?

THE FILES OF DOCTOR KALMAN

August 15, 1964
Horror Monsters Magazine
Derby, Conn.

REGISTERED

Dear Sirs,

Somewhat fearfully, but yet with a sense of excitement, I certify that I have authorized Horror Monsters Magazine, exclusively, to make use of my secret and shocking files on the Undead, vampires, ghouls, werewolves, ghosts.

While reviewing these terrifying records, I must warn you, Sirs, that at times we will be dealing with the powers of the devil and forces beyond our control. WE MUST NOT LET THESE GET OUT OF HAND, or all mankind may be in danger from the nether world...from hell!

Since you have requested so many times, I have finally consented to write a short article each month, for your magazine only! I will use my files and records and I insist that, when I come to the articles on the Living-Dead, actual cases of Vampires and Zombies, you must print the facts as I have recorded them...no matter what the consequences may be.

So be it.

K. Kalman
Dr. K. Kalman, B.P., B.Sc.

REGISTERED

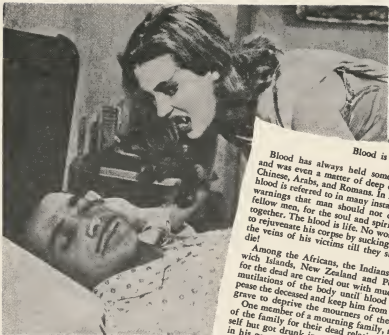
VAMPIRES



Fact or Fiction?

That vampires exist and have roamed the earth for centuries seems hard to deny in the face of a thousand years of countless records and reports. Even in the remotest regions of the globe since ancient times, man has seen proof of these creatures on the prowl and has attempted to take physical and religious precautions to protect himself from their bloody appetites and maraudings. In Africa the Zulus, Bantu and Caffres believed so strongly that the living-dead left the grave, attracted by the smell of fresh blood, that they would not allow even a drop of blood from a bloody nose to lie on the ground uncovered lest it draw the cadaverous creature to the source. The blood had to be covered with dirt, stamped out, obliterated. In New Guinea, the natives collect the bandages of the wounded and burn them carefully, not for sanitary reasons but for fear that a vampire might be attracted by the blood.

Nor too long ago, a native by the name of Al-Tru was wounded in a fight with an evil man, Ir-Ma, whom he finally killed. Both men were soaked with each other's blood. The dead man was buried and the sick man re-covered. Months later Al-Tru was injured while hunting with some friends. They tried to patch his wounds and went for aid. When they returned, they found Al-Tru dead, a look of sheer terror on his face and his body sunken and shriveled with the blood sucked out entirely! They rushed to the grave of Ir-Ma only to find it empty, except for a few drops of blood.



Blood is Life

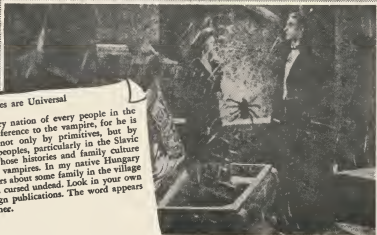
Blood has always held some mysterious significance and was even a matter of deep concern with the ancient Chinese, Arabs, and Romans. In many religious writings, blood is referred to in many instances, and there are even warnings that man should not drink the blood of his fellow men, for the soul and spirit and blood are linked together. The blood is life. No wonder the vampire seeks to rejuvenate his corpse by sucking the warm blood from the veins of his victims till they shrivel and pallor and die!

Among the Africans, the Indians, tribes of the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand and Polynesia, ceremonies for the dead are carried out with much blood letting and mutilations of the body until blood flows freely to appease the deceased and keep him from returning from the grave to deprive the mourners of their life fluids.

One member of a mourning family, ridiculing the rites of the family for their dead relative, refused to cut himself but got drunk instead and laughed at the dead man in his grave. Some weeks later they found his dead man skin hanging loosely, the throat torn, lying across the blood-soaked grave. When the grave was reopened, the body was lifelike and intact with fresh blood dripping on its face!

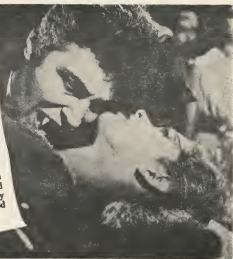
Vampires are Universal

The language of every nation of every people in the world contains some reference to the vampire, for he is universal and feared, not only by primitives, but by civilized and modern peoples, particularly in the Slavic countries of Europe whose histories and family culture reveal cases of factual vampires. In my native Hungary we often heard whispers about some family in the village stalked or tainted by a cursed undead. Look in your own dictionary or in foreign publications. The word appears in one form or another.



The Dead Re-Live

In the 18th century, one authority reported that in Hungary, Moravia, Silesia and Poland, men who had been dead and buried for months roamed about at night to drain the blood from animals and men. In each case, the villagers at length were forced to dig up the corpses and tear out their hearts to keep them from pounding blood again. In some cases it was sufficient to drive the wooden stake through the hearts to keep the body still. Numerous records on the subject relate cases where the dead body remained lifelike for many months after burial or entombment, which was finally discovered because of horrible blood sucking attacks on the community by a maniac described as the man who had already been dead for some time. The demon was then thrown on a fiercely burning fire to destroy the flesh that oozed the blood of living victims for nourishment.



The Church Speaks

Lest the reader mistakenly think that these beliefs and ceremonies belong to pagans and ignorant primitives, he should realize the indisputable fact that most religions, even modern Catholicism, recognize the existence of demons and vampire-like creatures and, at times, presided at their destruction with proper prayer and ceremony. (One of the powers bestowed on an ordained priest today is that of exorcism, or casting out the devil from a human being. We will relate such true cases in future issues.) Scholars believed that the appearances of the *walking dead* were clearly diabolical but factual. The Greek Church attested that vampires were persons who had been excommunicated and the Orthodox Church has definite doctrine on the matter. Various cardinals have written dissertations on the subject, among them Cardinal Schrattembach who received direct reports of vampirism through the diocese. Leone Allaci, Doctor of Medicine, assistant to the Pope and astute scholar, stated in his writings that a vampire is the dead body of a man who had led a debauched life and was excommunicated, which body did not decompose after death but became possessed with a demon that wandered from the grave at night to satisfy its sanguine thirst.

Receiving little attention in our times because of the hideousness of their deeds, people, today, are occasionally caught and coerced for their crimes of vampirism, drink-jog the blood of their victims, driven by an uncontrollable urge, desire, and nefarious thirst.

If the reports of people over the centuries from every corner of the world are to be accepted, then there have existed creatures who lurked in the dismal night to suck their fill of hot sticky blood until they were bloated and gorged like a leech. Believe it or not, we leave it to you, the reader.

Next issue: Chilling cases of vampirism. Don't miss it!
The End



CHOU! GIGGLES



"Yes, yes, that's it. Tonsillitis you think?"



"Damn birds!"



"Hey, buddy . . . spare a dime?"



"Us Tarreyton smokers would . . ."



N is for NEANDERTHAL,
The prehistoric MAN;
He likes to go loping
About fog-shrouded land!



HORROR READER (Continued from Page 23)

O is for OXYZIZ,
He has but one eye;
He shoots out a ray
And Earthmen get fried!



P is for PETER
LORRE—that's who;
He can scare you without
Even saying a boo!



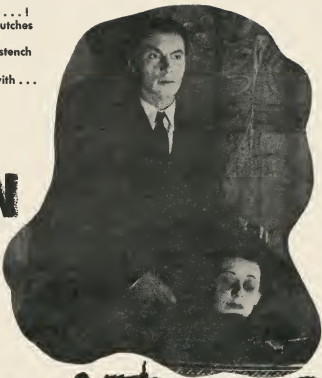
Q is for QUARK,
He's from outer space;
His mission on Earth
Was to doom our whole race!

(Continued on Page 48)

HORROR MONSTERS warns you . . . !
Beware the waxen hand that clutches
for your throat . . . !
Avoid the fiery furnace and its stench
of burning flesh . . . !
Relax—let your blood run cold with . . .

THE FROZEN GHOST

a Realart release



CAST

Alex Gregor
Mora Daniel

LON CHANEY
EVELYN ANKERS

At a radio station in Maohattao, Gregor the great, was about to start his act. As he put his lovely fiancée, Mora, into a trance, he murmured, "You are only receptive to the thought waves of this audience. Do you hear? Only thought waves."

He then turned to the audience, and said, "There's a gentleman in the third row."

"Yes," she replied, in a trance-like voice. "He wants me to tell him his social security number. The number is . . . five, four, six . . . 0, seven, five, 0, one, one."

"Well, I'll be darned," gasped the mao.

"Anyone else?" asked Gregor. "Just hold up your hand."

"Don't you believe it," said a druok io the audience. "It's all done with mirrors."

"If that skeptical gentleman would care to step up here, I'm sure that I can make him just as telepathic as Mora," offered Gregor.

"You bet I'll come up," cried the drunk.

"Hey, Mabel!" cried the drunk to the womao he left io the audience. "Didn't I tell you this guy is a phony?"

"The stupid . . ." thought Gregor. "I could kill him."

"Now, pay attention!" said Gregor angrily, turning the drunk's face in his directioo. "Conceotrate."

"Gregor is now placing this man into a hypnotic trance," said the announcer.

Suddenly, as Gregor stared into the man's eyes with hatred, the man gasped and fell to the floor.

A doctor rushed up to the stage, and examined the man. "This man is dead!"

Later, in his dressing room, Gregor was sayiog, "Suddenly, tonight, I will a mao dead. He dies. Oh, it's very simple, Inspector. I killed that man."

"Why, that's absurd," stated George.

"Nevertheless, there's a man dead under hypnosis," replied Braot.

"Oh, why all this iodecision?" cried Alex. "I murdered that man mentally."

"I want to telephone someone," Grant said.

"I hated that man tonight, for making me ridiculous," said Alex. "I killed him, as surely as though I'd shot him."

"I just talked to the coroner," said Brant, re-enteriog the room. "That man died of natural causes. Nothing to hold you for. Goodnight."

"Mora, I . . . I'm not going to see you anymore. That's final."





That afternoon, George was having dinner with Valerie Monet.

"Gregor needs mental relaxation," George explained. "I think that something to do at your place would be just the thing for him. Why don't you let him live there a while?"

The following day George and Alex arrived at Valerie Monet's wax museum.

"Rudi models the faces," Valerie explained. "He's a wizard with wax."

Nina walked into the room.

"My niece, Nina Budreau," said Valerie.

"And you're Gregor the great," said Nina.

"Nina," said Valerie. "Tell Rudi I'm bringing some people through the museum."

As Nina entered the cold wax museum, she looked around for Rudi, but couldn't see him. She walked among the exhibits, and as she passed the one of the electric chair, one of the figures moved. "What is it, Nina? Nina dear, I'm sorry," said Rudi.

"That's all right," she smiled.

"You know I wouldn't want to frighten you." He grinned.

"Madame Monet is bringing Mr. Keane and Mr. Gregor through the museum," she said. "Gregor the great, the famous mentalist."

Rudi asked, "Why must he come after hours?"

When Nina left, Rudi talked to the wax figures.

As Valerie and the others started through the museum, they encountered Rudi, who was still talking to the figures. . . "And you, Mr. Beau Brummel, keep your collar straight, and your best foot forward. You want them to see how handsome you are."

"Oh Rudi," said Valerie. "We'd like to show Alex around the place."

"All right," agreed Rudi, beginning the tour. "And here we have some famous executions."

He stepped beside the head of Marie Antoinette, which lay on a pedestal and pressed a button, which produced a loud scream.



"Come, Rudi!" said Valerie. "Let's see the furnace room."

Rudi led the way to the furnace room.

"By melting discarded figures, and casting new ones, I manage to be worth what the madame pays me," said Rudi.

"Well, we've seen about everything backstage," said Valerie. "Shall we go and finish our drinks?"

"Rudi was on the verge of becoming a very famous plastic surgeon at one time," explained George.

"His realism with wax is amazing," said Valerie.

Three weeks later when Nina brought a mold of a head to Rudi at his request, he grabbed her arm.

He tried to embrace her. She stumbled back and bumped against a packing crate, just as Alex entered. He cried, "Leave her alone, Rudi."

"Get out!" shouted Rudi, insanely.

Upstairs, a rap came at the door, and Valerie reluctantly admitted Mora.

"How did you find me?" asked Alex.

"I wormed it out of George," explained Mora. "Oh, what is all this mysterious business?"

"Mora, I think Alex would be much better off if you didn't come see him anymore," said Valerie.

"If I thought Alex really wanted it that way, I wouldn't interfere," said Mora.

"She hit the nail right on the head," commented Rudi to Valerie, after Mora had left. "I don't think he does feel that way about you. He is quite a charmer, plays the field."

"Plays the field?" repeated Monet, "What are you talking about?"

"There is that girl, and then you, and now little Nina," he said.

"Nina?" she cried. "That's ridiculous."

Meanwhile, Nina walked into the work room, and saw Alex with his head buried in his hands. She asked, "Aren't you feeling well?"

"Isn't there something I can do?" she asked tenderly.

"No, thank you, Nina," he smiled, holding her hand.

"You run along. I'll be all right."

Valerie had slipped into the room unnoticed and mistook what she had just seen for what Rudi had told her. As soon as Nina had left the room, she said to Alex, "So this is how you repay my kindness."

"Baaahh!" he cried walking away from her. "I'm in no mood to argue with you about it. The best thing I can do is pack my things and leave."

"You, the renowned Gregor the great," she continued. "Be quiet, do you hear me?" he screamed, coming toward her.

He stared at her with hatred in his eyes. In a moment, she crumpled to the floor.



Later, at the waterfroot he realized that he was holding Valerie's scarf, and slipped it into his pocket.

He asked George to go back to the museum with him to see if Valerie was dead.

"I think you put on a wonderful act. I just over asked you how you did it. But I don't believe in your so-called powers," said George.



I've always suspected you had some clever trick up your sleeve . . . a professional secret . . ."

A short time later, they arrived at the Monet house.

"Madame Monet has disappeared," stated Inspector Brant.

"Madame Monet and Gregor had an argument last night."

"All right," cried Alex, "Valerie and I *did* quarrel."

In the museum, Brant was saying, "Well, that's a ducky little tableau. It looks familiar."

"That's the Simmonds murder case," explained Rudi.

"One of the most famous of modern crimes. First I did the research from newspapers, and then I visited the actual scene myself. In fact, this one . . ."

"You have every detail perfect," complimented Brant.

"Our Shakespearian Classics," said Rudi. "They, too, would probably bore you."

"You're wrong, Doctor," said Brant.

"Wha . . . What did you say?" asked Rudi.

"You are Dr. Polden, aren't you?" he asked.

"And you're Gregor the great," said Nina.

"Yes," replied Rudi.

Once he had finished his search, Brant returned to the work shop.

"Same old story," said Brant. "No body. You'd better stay where I can find you if it becomes necessary."





Later in the museum, Nina was about to check the figures in the Shakespearian group when she noticed a pair of modern shoes on the reclining figure, behind Hamlet. She then removed the black wig from the head and saw that it was blonde underneath. She felt the face and saw that it wasn't wax, but flesh.

"Aunt Val," she gasped.

Insanely Rudi came out of the work room yelling, "You'd better come out. Come out!"

Nina ran in Gregor's room and burst in, crying, "Alex, Alex, Get help. Call the police."

"What happened?" asked Alex, who had been looking at Valerie's scarf.

"Her scarf," she gasped upon seeing it. "You've got my aunt's scarf."

She ran out and went downstairs.

He heard her scream from downstairs, and ran down to see what was wrong.

Alex searched the entire first floor, and couldn't find her. Someone threw a knife and just missed him.

Alex left, and Rudi called his confederate.

"So you threw a knife at him. You fool, don't you realize we're trying to get him in the insane asylum, not the morgue," said his accomplice.

"Tomorrow, I'll turn him over to the psychopathic court," said the other man.

Rudi led him into the room where he had Nina drugged. He listened to her heart with his stethoscope.

In a moment, he turned and his face turned white.

"Her heart," said Rudi. "It stopped."



A little later Alex and Mora arrived at Madame Monet's and encountered George in the outer hall.

At that moment, Rudi was about to dispose of Valerie's body in the blazing furnace.

Alex put Mora in a trance. George asked her, "What became of Valerie Monet? And Nina?"

"I see Monet, said Mora. A man bends over her."

"Can not see his face. He is gone I see Nina. She is frightened. She tries to escape. The man seizes her. The same man I saw with Monet."

"Who is the man?" asked George again.

"A doctor," she explained. "He works where it is very cold."





"Rudi," gasped Alex.
 "Another man is with him," she continued. "His back is turned. I can not see his face. Wait . . . now I can see him . . . George Keane!"

George ran to the door, pulled it open, and encountered Inspector Brant, who seized him.

"The furnace room!" cried Alex as he ran toward the door with Mora close behind him.



They ran into the cellar and there they saw Nina lying unconscious on a packing crate with Rudi stoking up the furnace.

"Rudi!" shouted Alex. The crazed sculptor stumbled backward into the open furnace, letting out a hideous scream as the flames consumed him.

Alex still tried to reach into the flames after him, but Mora had to pull him away. It was too late.

The End

MONSTER IN THE TOMB

(Continued from Page 14)



Again I failed to make an entry for nearly three months. The only excuse for my negligence is the staggering quantity and quality of the material available to me here. Undisturbed by the carping demands of the outside world, that vast open dungeon, to "make a living," and to meet a host of empty obligations, I have enjoyed one long *orgy* of intellectual exploration and discovery. Here is no grief, no want, no wind, no snow. Here I am God—all-powerful and free.

Last week, while reading Wertheim's magnificent study of 70 Eskimo dialects, I was reminded of Schiemenhunk's discussion of the ablative and returned to examine it again. To my amazement I detected 14 flaws in the analysis and have begun a revision of the entire work. It may keep me occupied for five years.

June 2, 1957

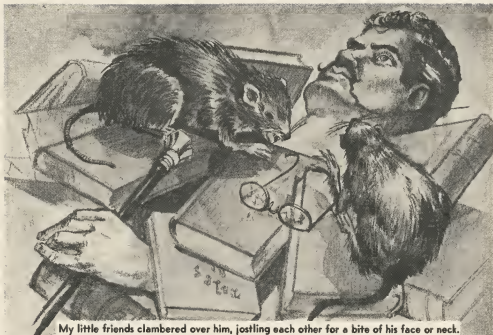
It is nearly five years since I made my last entry in you. I hope you have not been too lonely with no one to talk to you. You have been more than patient, waiting for me. In return I protect you from the rain, the snow, and the winds above. They will never hurt you. You need not concern yourself about the vast inhuman struggle for subsistence in the savage world above us.

A small event occurred today which is hardly worth telling you about. While climbing to reach a book on a top shelf I ripped my pants. I examined them and found there was not really much left of them, nor of the shirt for that matter. (The shoes fell off my feet long ago.) I therefore discarded my clothes altogether, for, aside from the fact that they were torn, it seems superfluous to dress here. I am comfortable without clothes. I have lost much weight, for my ribs are sticking out. My beard and hair both reach to my waist now. To the average man I must present the appearance of a Tarzan.

August 12, 1957

Let me tell you a story, dear diary, that I know you will enjoy, for, in your own quiet way you are really very much like me. Yesterday, as I was walking along Gallery Q, looking for a copy of Hermann Werner, I heard strange sounds. I listened in painful apprehension, and quickly remembered the once-familiar sound of a man's step. It was coming down the corridor slowly, as if the man were pausing at each stack to examine its alphabetical designation. Peering through an empty space between some books, I saw him in the very next aisle. He was surprisingly tall; I had nearly forgotten that men walk upright, only on their legs. He wore glasses and a high top-hat, and had a trimmed and waxed moustache, and carried a silver-handled cane as jauntily as a sixteenth century cavalier.

I ran over to take a closer look, my hands and feet padding as softly as rats' paws on the floor, and stopped about two feet away from him. I felt the material of his trousers; it was heavier and rougher than paper—more like the hide of a large rat. He glanced down, and paled dreadfully when he saw me. I felt sorry for the terrified creature, and stepped closer to him. My beard brushed against his hand and he came to himself suddenly. He *groomed* hoarsely, "Oh, my God!" raised his cane over his head and brought it down smartly on my bare buttocks. It stung, and, startled, I *bit* him in the leg. He turned to run, took two uncertain steps, and fell headlong. I stood there looking at him. He got up precipitously and began *beating* me about the head and back. I climbed up on the stack and began throwing books down at him. He backed up aisle R, ineffectually parrying the rain of books with his cane, intoning over and over in a fervent incantation, "Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Oh, my God!" I followed him closely, throwing books as fast as I could. I hardly missed once, and his face was soon



My little friends clambered over him, jostling each other for a bite of his face or neck.

cut and bleeding. A few times his glasses fell off and he bent in feverish haste to retrieve them. Behind him was a wall of books that had been left standing in the aisle by the workmen because there was no room for them on the shelves. Inevitably he backed up against the books and they came tumbling down about his ears. He was knocked down and the books covered him up to his shoulders. He lay there quivering, staring up at me. Lightly I ran to the end of the stack, picked up Schiemenhunk's "The Use of the Ablative Dative From 1210 A.D. to 1280 A.D.," which was the largest book I had, ran back with it and poised it over the startled intruder. Schiemenhunk has over 3,000 pages, and weighs about 20 pounds. The book dropped directly on his throat. He gurgled a few times and was quiet. I walked away and left him there.

Towards evening I grew hungry and went looking for a rat. Strangely enough, there were none around. As I ran past Aisle R, I saw my little friends piled up on the stranger, jostling each other for a bite of his face or neck. With great difficulty and exertion I drove the energetic and savage hutes off, receiving a number of vicious bites in the hectic battle, (more than once it came near to being my Waterloo), and dragged the poor man's body over to my desk. Then I piled 18 columns of books on the desk, (six rows one way and three the other) put the body on top of them, and kept slipping more books under it until the flesh pressed against the great light. It was worth the effort, for now I was supplied with provisions for three days. While I slept the rats swarmed over it and gorged themselves also, fattening themselves for my delectation.

June 11, 1962

I have dragged myself over to make what may be my last communication to you. For a month now I have eaten almost nothing. Last month, while I was reading, the great hulb burned out. THE GIVER OF LIGHT IS DEAD! I cannot see the words I am writing, and must feel my way across the page.

The 40 females that I kept in the crate for their milk have escaped, and I know I am finished. I was finding it miserably difficult to suckle from them, but as I could not catch food in the dark I became completely dependent on them. As I was nursing from one of the largest rats, she suddenly twisted in my hands and hit my cheek. There was a concerted rush by the others, who must have been able somehow to perceive what happened, and their unexpected weight in the dark on my neck and chest, as well as the surprise of their sharp teeth, caused me to fall backward and knock out three of the boards from the side of the crate. In an instant my carefully collected stable disappeared in every direction, and I was left sitting alone in the crate, pressing my hand against my cheek to stanch the blood.

I must have fallen asleep in this position, for I found myself clambering on a vast mountain range of pumpernickel bread. Every peak was covered with gleaming white butter, sparkling in the brilliant sunshine. Beyond the mountains stretched a sea of green, red and yellow vegetable soup, such as Susan used to make, coked with celery and tomatoes. I dreamed of Joey crying and looking at me with glistening eyes, while he reached for me with his little hands, as he was doing the last time I saw him. I will endure this hunger no more. Tomorrow I am going to walk out through that door and then . . ."

The End

R



R is for RATHBONE,
Evil deeds has he dane;
He got his big break
As Frankenstein's san!

S



S is for SHE-CREATURE,
In the ocean daes she dwell,
She was created for movies
By a man named Blaisdell!

HORROR READER

(Continued from Page 37)

T



T is for TARANTULA,
A ten story spider;
Tarry digs chicks,
Your girlfriend, quick—better hide her!

U



U is for THE UNEARTHLY
Here's one of thirteen;
They were all changed to monsters,
Thanks to John Carradine!

V



V is for VINCENT,
A horror star PRICE is;
He's known as the Man
With a Thousand Vices!



W is for WOLF MAN,
A terrifying creature, but,
He'd be downright handsome
If he'd spring for a haircut!



X is for the XENOS,
They're mommoth fish,
We'd hove them for supper,
But we don't have a lorge enough dish!



Y is for YGOR,
A crozed shepherd, he;
Played on the screen
by Droc Lugosi!



Z is THE ZOMBIES,
They're OF MORA TAU;
If you see them coming,
You'd better run—and how! —THE END—

MONSTER MAILMAN

MASK SPECIALS



SPASM



HORROR



UBANGI



BIG MOUTH



GRANDPA



CANNIBAL



CHINAMAN



GORILLA



OLD HAG



PIRATE

HORRIBLE FULL HEAD MASKS WITH HAIR

ONLY \$3.98 EACH

This is without doubt the most hideous collection of FULL HEAD MASKS in the annals of MONSTERDOM! So gruesome . . . yet so life-like, they'll have your friends gasping with fright. Fashioned from the finest quality latex rubber and HUMAN HAIR!



CAVEMAN



SPLIT HEAD

SPECIAL OFFER:

Have a Monster Party!
Any 4 Masks — \$14.95

DE LUXE OVER-TOP MASKS ONLY \$1.49 EACH



Mummy



Cyclops



Vampire



Pirate

Special Offer!
Have a Monster Party —
Any 4 Masks — \$4.95!



Devil



Skull



Witch



Monster



WEREWOLF



BATTERED PUG



SORCERER



GHOUL



SKIN HEAD WIG ONLY \$1.75

Save on hair-cuts — and fool your friends at the same time! Yul Brynner-like flesh-tone rubber wig fits all heads, all kinds of hair.

RUSH ORDER TODAY!

WORLD WIDE SPECIALTIES, DEPT. HM10-1
P. O. BOX 153, GERSBY, CONN.

Please rush me the item (s) checked below:

I enclose \$..... (cash, check, money order)

Plus 25c Postage and handling.

(No C.O.D.'s)

<input type="checkbox"/> Spasm Mask	<input type="checkbox"/> Old Hag Mask	<input type="checkbox"/> Skull
<input type="checkbox"/> Horror Mask	<input type="checkbox"/> Pirate Mask	<input type="checkbox"/> Battered Pug
<input type="checkbox"/> Ubangi Mask	<input type="checkbox"/> Caveman Mask	<input type="checkbox"/> Witch
<input type="checkbox"/> Big Mouth Mask	<input type="checkbox"/> Split Head Mask	<input type="checkbox"/> Sorcerer
<input type="checkbox"/> Grandpa Mask	<input type="checkbox"/> Mummy Mask	<input type="checkbox"/> Pirate
<input type="checkbox"/> Cannibal Mask	<input type="checkbox"/> Cyclops Mask	<input type="checkbox"/> Monster
<input type="checkbox"/> Chinaman Mask	<input type="checkbox"/> Vampire Mask	<input type="checkbox"/> Ghoul
<input type="checkbox"/> Gorilla Mask	<input type="checkbox"/> Devil Mask	<input type="checkbox"/> Skin Head Wig
	<input type="checkbox"/> Werewolf Mask	

Name

Address

City Zone State

They'll shudder and shriek when you walk in wearing one of these SUPER DE LUXE masks that fits over the top of your head. The greatest for masquerade parties, dances, shows . . . or just to scare 'em out of their wits.

MONSTER MAILMAN



SHOOTING PLUGS I
In tin boxes **ONLY 50¢**



HORROR TEETH
ONLY \$1.00



SPIDER RING
Weird & wicked. Black rubber tarantula. Realistic looking mounted on an adjustable ring.

ONLY 75¢

It's made of foam rubber



RUBBER CHOCOLATE DOUGHNUTS
A good gag to play on coffee and doughnut lovers.

ONLY \$1.00



JUMBO DICE
Made of colorful best quality foam rubber. **ONLY \$1.00**



"WHOOPS"
Place this disgusting mess of plastic in the bath room, near the refrigerator, on a rug — anywhere! Watch the fun begin when your guests try to figure out who got sick. Great at parties, banquets, conventions, etc.

ONLY \$1.00



MAD MONSTER IN PERFUME BOX - A SPIDER TUMBLES OUT OF HANDSOME PERFUME BOX.

ONLY \$1.45



Giant Tube DISAPPEARING INK ONLY \$1.50

Ever have the urge to squirt ink on your boss's contracts, your wife's best white dress? Now you can do it — and safely! For, the ink stains disappear within seconds.



TRICK CIGARS
CIGARS MADE OF REAL TOBACCO - EACH CELLOPHANE WRAPPED A CONCEALED SPRING, TIED WITH A THREAD, LETS EVERYTHING FLY LOOSE, WHEN THE THREAD BURNS THROUGH.

4 FOR ONLY \$1.00



THE "MAD DAGGER"
A beautiful imitation dagger with a gold handle and a shiny silver blade, imbedded in an imitation blood-stain, producing a very startling effect. Each one in an attractive display box. (As seen on Jack Paar's T.V. Show).

ONLY \$2.95



DISGUISE KIT ONLY \$3.98

You'll be a one-man prop department with this complete — yet compact — disguise kit! False mustaches, beards, teeth, ears... the whole works. No horror fan should be without one!



FU WONG CHINESE DISGUISE KIT - ONLY \$1.00

RUSH ORDER BLANK TODAY!

**WORLD WIDE SPECIALTIES, DEPT. NM10-2
P. O. BOX 353, DENVY, CONN.**

Please rush me the item (s) checked below:

I enclose \$..... (cash, check, money order)

Plus 25¢ Postage and handling.

(No C.O.D.'s)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shooting Plugs | <input type="checkbox"/> Mad Monster |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Horror Teeth | <input type="checkbox"/> Disappearing Ink |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spider Ring | <input type="checkbox"/> Trick Cigars |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Rubber Chocolate Doughnuts | <input type="checkbox"/> The Mad Dagger |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Jumbo Dice | <input type="checkbox"/> Disguise Kit |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Whoops | <input type="checkbox"/> Fu Wong |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Chinese Disguise Kit |

Name

Address

City Zone State

MONSTER MAILMAN



ONLY \$2.95
PER PAIR

GORY FEET IN PAIRS ONLY \$2.95



GORY HANDS



ONLY \$1.50

HYPHO PHONY NEEDLE - New
terrific Gag Hypodermic Needle.



The knife that
cuts the cigarette.
Leaves your finger
unharmed

FINGER CHOPPER TRICK

ONLY \$1.00



SNEEZING POWDER - Absolutely
harmless - Deluxe Squeeze type
plastic dispenser -

ONLY 50¢



HITCHHIKER'S THUMB

ONLY 50¢



RUBBER EARS

ONLY 75¢



SMOKE FROM FINGER
Every time hand
is opened, smoke
apparently flows
from fingers

ONLY 75¢

DIRTY
NOSE



DIRTY NOSE GAG - Each in one
illustrated envelope -

ONLY 75¢

JIVARRO
SHRUNKEN
HEAD



JIVARRO SHRUNKEN HEADS -
Hang it anywhere for real effect -

ONLY \$1.25

Bloody



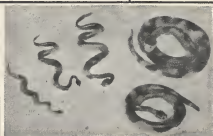
Mess

BLOODY MESS
ONLY 50¢



RUBBER HAMMER
Very light in weight

ONLY \$1.00



LIFE-LIKE RUBBER SNAKES

Choose the amazingly life-like rubber snake that
suits your fancy. Five different sizes, as follows:

- #102 - 48 in. long - \$9.95
- #103 - 30 in. long - \$2.95
- #104 - 25 in. long - \$1.79
- #105 - 20 in. long - \$1.00
- #106 - 13 in. long - \$.75

RUSH ORDER TODAY!

WORLD WIDE SPECIALTIES, DEPT. HM10-3
P. O. BOX 151, DENVY, CONN.

Please rush me the item (s) checked below:

I enclose \$..... (cash, check, money order)

Plus 25c Postage and handling.

(No C.O.D.'s)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gory Feet | <input type="checkbox"/> Shrunken Head |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gory Hands | <input type="checkbox"/> Bloody Mess |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hypo Phony Needle | <input type="checkbox"/> Rubber Hammer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Finger Chopper Trick | <input type="checkbox"/> Rubber Snake 48" Long |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sneezing Powder | <input type="checkbox"/> Rubber Snake 30" Long |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hitchhiker's Thumb | <input type="checkbox"/> Rubber Snake 25" Long |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Rubber Ears | <input type="checkbox"/> Rubber Snake 20" Long |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Smoke From Finger | <input type="checkbox"/> Rubber Snake 18" Long |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dirty Nose | |

Name

Address

City Zone State

MONSTER MAILMAN



JOKES

BLACK TINT CHEWING GUM
Tastes Good But it Blackens
your Mouth!

ONLY 35¢ PER PACK



AMAZING TALKING TEETH

They walk! They talk!
They're alive! Wind up this
real-looking set of false
teeth, then settle back and
watch them yakety-yak and
jump about.

ONLY \$1.75



**WORRY BIRD - A CUTE
GIFT - WITH LITTLE
POEM -**

ONLY \$1.50



SHARK TOOTH NECKLACE — This
is the rage and you shouldn't be
caught without one. This is a
genuine shark tooth on a stronger
than silver necklace. Guaranteed
to be a conversation piece. Be
first Only \$1.95. EACH



it wiggles,
squirms, coils!

SNAKEY SAM

Think of it! Your own pet snake that
squirms and wiggles in live action as
you hold it by the tail. Made of
realistic plastic links that can be taken
apart to double — or even triple —
"Snakey Sam's" length! Ugh!

ONLY \$1.95



BINGO BEANS --
ONLY 50¢
PER BOX



ONLY
50¢

SCARFACE

A Plastic Scar
to stick on the face
with moisture
IT WILL SHOCK,
MYSTIFY AND
AMUSE YOUR FRIENDS
!!!



POP OUT SPIDER IN GIFT BOX
An Ideal Xmas Gag!

ONLY \$1.75



**MEXICAN
JUMBO RINGS**
Crome plated

ONLY \$1.25

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER MASK



It's easy to be a monster
with this professional
mask that pulls over the
entire head! Hand-crafted
of the best latex rubber
and carefully hand-decorated
in sickening green
with lacerations, crude
stitches — all the famous
markings of this noted no-
good-nick!

ONLY \$3.25

RUSH ORDER TODAY!

WORLD WIDE SPECIALTIES, DEPT. HM10-4
P. O. BOX 151, DERRY, CONN.

Please rush me the item (s) checked below:

I enclose \$..... (cash, check, money order)

Plus 25¢ Postage and handling.

(No C.O.D.'s)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Talking Teeth | <input type="checkbox"/> Scarface |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Worry Bird | <input type="checkbox"/> Pop Out Spider In Gift Box |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blacktint | <input type="checkbox"/> Mexican Jumbo Rings |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shark Tooth Necklaces | <input type="checkbox"/> Frankenstein Monster Mask |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shark Tooth Key Ring | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Snakey Sam | |

Name

Address

City Zone State

"IRON ON" MOVIE MONSTERS

THESE 6 FAMOUS FIENDS IN VIVID COLORS

Not a Decal - Transfer
They "IRON ON" LIKE A PATCH

JUST "IRON 'EM ON" YOUR SHIRTS - JACKETS - ANYTHING
EVEN PAPER, WOOD, & LEATHER

BIG Size

4 tall

all 6-75¢

KING Size

7" tall

any 2
for \$1.00

**MONSTER
SIZE**

11" tall

only 75¢
each



ORDER YOURS NOW!

VICTOR SPECIALTIES, DEPT. MM-9
P.O. BOX 151, DERBY CONN.

Enclosed is \$..... (cash check, money
order). Please rush me the STIC-PICS

MONSTER Size	KING Size	BIG Size
<input type="checkbox"/> Frankenstein	<input type="checkbox"/> Frankenstein	<input type="checkbox"/> Info
<input type="checkbox"/> Phantom	<input type="checkbox"/> Phantom	at 75¢
<input type="checkbox"/> Creature	<input type="checkbox"/> Creature	per set.
<input type="checkbox"/> Wolf Man	<input type="checkbox"/> Wolf Man	at 75¢ each
		at 2 for \$1.00

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE.....

ORDER-BY-MAIL SPECIALS



50 BIKE REGALS. A terrific
assortment of big, colorful
decals to dress up your bike,
models, luggage, etc. All different
— every one a real beauty.
Special bargain offer — worth
over \$2.00. Easy to Apply!

Order No. HB60 \$7.00



250 MAGIC TRICKS. Shows
you how to amaze & mystify your
friends! These magic tricks are
amazing — sensational — abso-
lutely fabulous! Every trick fully
explained! You can easily do
every trick! Nothing like to Buy!

Order No. MT250 50¢



300 CRAZY SIGNS. Printed on
gummed labels... to decorate
your books, etc. These easy signs
& slogans will give you and your
friends lots of laughs! They're
strictly "nutty"... & a real bar-
gain, too. Send for them today!

Order No. CS300 \$7.00



"Real Flak" & "Weird-O" De-
cals. Over 30 big bite size
decals in 2 crazy colors. Use
these easy, easy decals to dress
up your bike, models, etc.
They're easy to apply too! Grab-
bag assortment — worth over \$2.

Order No. NF310 \$7.00



COMIC FELT PATCHES. Grab-
bag assortment of brilliant, full
color comic designs printed on
fine quality felt that you sew
on your T-Shirt, Jacket, Hat,
Sweat Shirt, etc. A real bargain
offer.

Order No. FP11 \$1.00



**250 Monster & Weird-O La-
bels.** The widest, scariest mon-
sters you've ever seen — and the
"Weird-O's" are just the way
you like them! We've printed
them on 250 gummed labels that
paste on your books, letters, etc.

Order No. KL13 \$7.00



**1001 THINGS
THAT YOU
CAN GET**

This List Tells You Where To
Send For Free Samples, Books,
Foreign Stamps & Coins, Etc.
Imagine! They'll give you the catalog
specimens, etc. This list tells you where to
write for the FREE (FREE — as in Free
Gifts, Free Products, Samples, Information,
Books, Maps, Show Tickets, Foreign
Stamps & Coins, Toys, Plans, Patents, etc.)



**Complete List
For Only
50¢**
Order #TF1000
SPECIAL 3 LIST
FOR ONLY \$1.00



NOT IRON TRANSFERS. Grab-
bag assortment of color-
ful flashy transfers that you put
on your T-Shirt, Sweat Shirt,
Gym Suit, etc. Easy to apply —
with a hot iron. A real bargain
offer!

Order No. NF33 \$1.00

VICTOR SPECIALTIES DEPT. MM-9 P.O. BOX 151 DERBY CONN.

YOU ASKED FOR THEM

SO HERE THEY ARE!!

GIANT 8"x10" GLOSSY PHOTOS *of your* **ALL-TIME FAVORITE MONSTERS**

6 HORRIBLE FIENDS—SUITABLE FOR FRAMING



**ONLY \$1.00
for all six**



- **FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER**
- **WOLF MAN**
- **THE MUMMY**
- **COUNT DRACULA**
- **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**
- **THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON**

RUSH ORDER NOW!

VICTOR SPECIALTIES Dept. HM-10
P. O. BOX 191
DERRY, CONN.

No C.O.D.'s

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is \$1.00 (cash, check, money order).
Please rush my 6 FIENDISH PHOTOS.

Name

Address

City Zone State

The

WOLF-PACK

HUGE 8"X10" GLOSSY PHOTOS
SUITABLE FOR FRAMING

6 Snarling Werewolves—Only \$1.00



Classic Pix Of Your
Favorite Wolfmen

As Portrayed By:

- BORIS KARLOFF
- BELA LUGOSI
- LON CHANEY, JR.
- HENRY HULL

plus

- THE MAD MAN-DOG
and

- THE WEREWOLF
from "The Curse Of The Werewolf"



ORDER TODAY!

VICTOR SPECIALTIES, Dept WP-H10 No C.O.D.'s
P.O. BOX 151
DERBY, CONN.

Gentlemen:

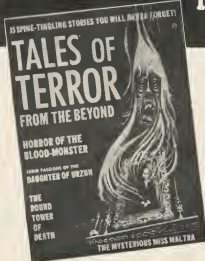
Enclosed is \$1.00 (cash, check, money order).
Please rush me my 6 WEREWOLF PHOTOS.

Name

Address

City Zone State

YOU'LL SHUDDER... YOU'LL SHRIEK!



Here is a Collector's Edition of 15 SPINE-TINGLING stories guaranteed to chill you to the bone! Over 80 pages of SHEER TERROR expertly woven by a group of the world's foremost HORROR WRITERS.

DON'T DELAY . . . SEND FOR YOUR COPY OF "TALES OF TERROR" TODAY!

RUSH THIS COUPON!

VICTOR SPECIALTIES, DEPT. HM-10
P.O. BOX 151, DERBY, CONN.

☐ Enclosed is 50¢

Please rush me my copy of "TALES OF TERROR".

☐ Enclosed is \$. . .

Please rush me . . . copies of "TALES OF TERROR" at 50¢ per copy.

(Please print — Check one)

Name

Address

City State Zip

50c PER COPY — POSTAGE FREE!

BIG inflatable toys of creatures from the limits of OUTER-SPACE



7 BIG MONSTERS FROM OUTER-SPACE \$1

plus 25¢ postage
and handling per set

from 1½ feet to over 4 FEET TALL

Lovable monsters for you to command to your every prank! They swing 'n' sway, rock 'n' roll, wiggle 'n' bounce, bend, lean and tilt in every direction. One really flies in the air with a loud thunder and roar. From 1½ feet to over 4 feet tall, one-piece, quality molded latex, colorful, completely inflatable. The most exciting and educational set any youngster could want. Now, meet MONSTERS you've never known before.

7 DIFFERENT MONSTERS FROM OUTER SPACE: LLEWDOGH, creepy Beetle of Mars — KERREG, Flying Horror of Space — SCINCUS, Beast of the Moon — BALUCHOR, Terror of Venus — MOSAURUS, Spider Man of Uranus — DIMETRON, Bird Man of Saturn — ETTELOC, Brain of Neptune.

MAIL THIS HANDY ORDER FORM TODAY

VICTOR SPECIALTIES, DEPT. HM-10
P.O. BOX 151, DERBY, CONN.

Please rush my MONSTERS FROM OUTER SPACE Enclosed is \$. . . for sets, each set at \$1.00 plus 25¢ postage & handling charges. No C.O.D.'s please.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE



MONSTROUS COMICS

Monsters • Fiends • Space Creatures

6 Different Mags For Only 50c

(TEAR OUT THIS PAGE)



☐ Mysteries Of Unexplored Worlds



☐ Konga



☐ Space War



☐ Strange Suspense Stories



☐ Unusual Tales



☐ Reptisaurus



☐ Space Adventures



☐ Gorgo

Just check the 6 comics you want from those pictured above and return this page, with 50¢ to:
VICTOR SPECIALTIES, DEPT. HMC-10, P.O. BOX 151, DERBY, CONN

Name

Address

City Zone State

NOW YOU CAN HEAR THESE TERROR-TALES!



You've heard of records in a humorous vein? — Well, this album can only be called **HORROR IN A JUGULAR VEIN**. A frightening narration from the stories of the old master of horror himself — **Edgar Allan Poe**. "THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM" is tough enough on your nerves, but wait until you hear "THE TELLTALE HEART!" #M-36 — **ONLY \$1.98**

A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF THE MACABRE

ALL 12" LP RECORDS
ALL 33 RPM



A CLASSIC OF HORROR spoken from the heart (with the right kind of background music, of corpse). The idea of hearing this narrative in your own home is enough to scare you out of your wits! Put the lights out and have your blood curdled by the tale of **THE BLACK CAT**, written by **Edgar Allan Poe**. It's HORRIFIC! #M-37 — **ONLY \$2.98**

ALL 12" LP RECORDS
ALL 33 RPM



CLASSIC TALES OF TERROR to make you shiver in your boots. Be prepared for screaming suspense and maniacal action when you listen to these spine-tingling, chilling narrations penned by the master of the macabre, **Edgar Allan Poe**. "MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH" and "THE PREMATURE BURIAL" are among his best and most terrifying tales. #M-38 — **ONLY \$2.98**

PERFECT FOR EERIE MIDNIGHT GHOUL PARTIES

A grim, ghostly, spine-chilling, nerve-wracking tale of horror that will fill you with lingering **FRIGHT**, written by the old time master of thriller-chillers — **Edgar Allan Poe**. You will remember "THE HOUSE OF USHER" (his most famous tale) with shuddering fear every time you're alone in a dark house or on a deserted street! #39 — **ONLY \$2.98***



*Narrated by Richard Taylor

RUSH YOUR ORDER NOW

CLIP THIS COUPON

USE A S ORDER BLANK

MAIL TODAY!

Please Rush Me The Following Long-Playing Albums:

- ☐ NIGHTMARE — \$1.98 Plus 25¢ Postage and Handling
☐ HORROR — \$2.98 Plus 25¢ Postage and Handling
☐ TERROR — \$2.98 Plus 25¢ Postage and Handling
☐ FRIGHT — \$2.98 Plus 25¢ Postage and Handling

I Enclose \$..... ☐ CASH ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER

VICTOR SPECIALTIES, Dept. HMA-10
P.O. BOX 181, DERBY, CONN.

(No C.O.D.'s)

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE



DRACULA

FAMOUS
NEW
AMAZING
HORRIBLE

Your favorite
 Movie monsters
 Now available in kit form



**WOLF
 MAN**

MONSTER 12 inches TALL
MODELS 12 inches TALL

Scaled to life-like dimensions
 Made of rugged plastic
 With accurate detail
 Easily assembled

**THE
 CREATURE**

ONLY \$1.49
 Each



FRANKENSTEIN



**THE
 MUMMY**

BE FIRST RUSH ORDER NOW!

WORLD WIDE SPECIALTIES, Dept. HM-10
 P.O. BOX 151, DERBY, CONN.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is \$..... (cash, check, m.o.)
 Please Rush me \$1.49 each plus 25¢
 postage & handling.

- ☐ THE MUMMY KIT
☐ CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON
☐ FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER KIT
☐ DRACULA MONSTER KIT
☐ WOLFMAN MONSTER KIT

No C.O.D.'s

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

NOW YOU CAN GET ALL OF THESE HORRIFIC TRANSFERS FROM

MONSTER-MANIA

MONSTERFY YOUR FRIENDS
WITH THESE TERRORIFIC

IRON-ON TRANSFERS

OF 6 FABULOUS MONSTERS.

**SAFE • WASHABLE
EASY TO APPLY**

ON T-SHIRTS, SWEATERS, JACKETS,
FLAGS, BOOKCOVERS, LAMPSHADES,
PILLOWCASES, PAJAMAS, ANYTHING!

GIANT SIZE 9x12

IN GORYFIC LIVING-DEAD COLORS
GHOUL GREEN • CORPSE BLUE • PANIC PURPLE
BLOOD RED • FUNERAL BLACK

RUSH YOUR ORDER NOW! Not a Decal

Be the first in your neighborhood
to own these fabulously realistic

**MONSTER
PORTRAITS**

ONLY \$1 each

**SPECIAL OFFER!! ORDER ALL SIX FOR \$5.
AND WE'LL INCLUDE A FREE BONUS ITEM.**



THE TRANSFER



THE RESULT



WOLF MAN



THE PHANTOM
OF THE OPERA



DRACULA



FRANKENSTEIN



THE MUMMY



THE CREATURE

RUSH YOUR ORDER NOW

CLIP THIS COUPON

USE A \$5 ORDER BLANK

MAIL TODAY

Please Rush Me The Following MONSTERS

- ☐ FRANKENSTEIN, ONLY \$1
☐ THE WOLFMAN, ONLY \$1
☐ THE CREATURE, ONLY \$1
☐ THE PHANTOM, ONLY \$1

- ☐ THE MUMMY, ONLY \$1
☐ DRACULA, ONLY \$1
☐ ALL SIX PLUS MY
FREE BONUS-ONLY \$5!

VICTOR SPECIALTIES, Dept. MU-5
P.O. BOX 155, DERRY, CONN.

(NE C.O.D.)

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

I Enclose \$ ☐ CASH ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER

VAMPIRE PHOTOS

6 LARGE 8"X10" BLOOD-CURDLING
GLOSSIES FOR ONLY \$1⁰⁰_{ppd.}

Classic Poses — Suitable For Framing

As Portrayed By:

BELA LUGOSI

DAVID PEEL

CHRISTOPHER LEE

JOHN VAN EYSEN



Direct From
Universal Pictures'
Vampire Nest!



RUSH YOUR ORDER NOW!

VICTOR SPECIALTIES, Dept. VP-H10
P.O. BOX 151, DERRY, CONN. (No C.O.D.'s)

Enclosed is \$1.00 (cash, check, m.o.).
Please rush me my 6 VAMPIRE PHOTOS.

Name PLEASE PRINT FULL NAME

Address PLEASE PRINT FULL ADDRESS

City PLEASE PRINT FULL CITY Zone PLEASE PRINT FULL ZONE State PLEASE PRINT FULL STATE

A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF MACABRE

MONSTER POSTERS

IN GRUESOME "LIVING DEAD" COLOR
(BLOOD RED, CRYPTIC BLUE, GHOUL GREEN, PANIC
PURPLE AND TOMB BLACK). THEY'RE HORRIFIC.

NOW YOU DEMONS OF DARKNESS
CAN DECORATE AND "DEADEN"
UP YOUR DENS WITH THESE 6

GIANT SIZE

FAMOUS MONSTER POSTERS

ONLY \$1²⁵ EACH (or All 6 for only \$6⁰⁰)

RUSH YOUR ORDER NOW

CLIP THIS COUPON

VICTOR SPECIALTIES, Dept. MM-9
P.O. BOX 151, DERBY, CONN.

Please rush me the following posters: (order by number)

Name

Address

City State

I enclose \$ ☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order. No C.O.D.



NOW YOU CAN WEAR FRANKENSTEIN!

FRANKENSTEIN SOCKS

ALL SIZES ONLY

\$2.⁰⁰



GORY GREEN ON GHOST WHITE

FRANKENSTEIN HANDKERCHIEF

ONLY

\$1.⁰⁰



ORDER
YOURS
TODAY

YOU'LL CAUSE A PANIC EVERYTIME YOU WEAR THESE SOCKS AND THE GALS WILL
SHUDDER AND SHRIEK WHENEVER YOU OFFER THEM YOUR HANKY. GREAT FUN!

CLIP ORDER NOW

CLIP THIS COUPON

USE AS ORDER BLANK

MAIL TODAY

Please Rush Me The Following

- ☐ FRANKENSTEIN SOCKS - SIZE
☐ FRANKENSTEIN HANDKERCHIEF
☐ I ORDERED BOTH - SEND ME A FREE BONUS

I Enclose \$..... CASH CHECK MONEY ORDER

VICTOR SPECIALTIES, Dept. MM-9
P.O. BOX 151, DERBY, CONN.

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE


DO-IT-YOURSELF WEREWOLF KIT

**EVERYTHING YOU NEED
TO TURN YOURSELF INTO
A SAVAGE, SNARLING WEREWOLF ...**

Only
\$1⁰⁰
ppd.

This is it — the thrill of a deathtime! Become a Werewolf and take the whole family out for a bite. Remember . . . Werewolves are made, not born, and now you can make your own Werewolf . . . YOU!!! Yes, you can crawl from the noxious slime of foul fantasy as you mouth the spell and the evil transition takes place that will turn YOU into creature from the Tombs of Horror . . . a Werewolf!

Don't be a wallflower! Have fun the easy way! Send now for our dandy, handy little DO-IT-YOURSELF WEREWOLF KIT!



IT'S A HOWL
...SO-O-O
RUSH YOUR
ORDER NOW!

Here Is What You Get:

- ★ **THE WEREWOLF CURSE**
Secret step-by-step instructions for changing a human being into a WEREWOLF!
- ★ **WEREWOLF CALENDAR FOR 1964**
Showing the Full Moon and New Moon for all 12 months. Large size; suitable for hanging.
- ★ **ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF WEREWOLVES**
A learned treatise on the subject of Lycanthropy by Professor Sanzor Quasatood.
- ★ **WEREWOLF FANGS**
Ugly and toothsome; for those who have trouble growing their own.

plus

- ★ **SIX WALLET-SIZE PHOTOS OF THE WORLD'S ALL-TIME FAVORITE WOLFMEN**

as portrayed by

Boris Korfoff
Lon Chaney, Jr.

Belo Lugosi
Henry Hull

ORDER NOW — SUPPLY LIMITED

VICTOR SPECIALTIES, Dept. HM-10 (No C.O.D.'s)
P.O. BOX 151, OERBY, CONN.

Enclosed is \$1.00 (cash, check, money order).

Please rush me my DO-IT-YOURSELF WEREWOLF KIT!

Name

Address

City Zone State

BECOME A VAMPIRE



ORDER YOUR EXCLUSIVE DO-IT-YOURSELF VAMPIRE KIT AND JOIN THE RANKS OF THE UNDEAD

HERE IS WHAT YOU GET:

- **CURSE OF THE UNDEAD**
Horri-fying secret instructions and incanta-tions for changing a human into a VAM-PIRE!
- **THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF VAMPIRES**
A darkly enlightening theme by the world's leading authority on Vampirism — Prof. Roul Kasatravich!
- **VAMPIRE FANGS**
Realistic and frightening — They glow in the dark to help you track down victims at night!
- **YOUR OWN PERSONAL PET VAMPIRE BAT**
Jet black, rubbery and life-like! No true Vampire should be without one!
plus
- **SIX WALLET-SIZE PHOTOS OF THE MOST BLOOD-CURDLING VAMPIRES OF ALL TIME**
as portrayed by

BELA LUGOSI
DAVID PEEL

CHRISTOPHER LEE
JOHN VAN EYSEN

Only
\$1.00
ppd.

YOU CAN DO IT! You can drive every-body bats! **YOU** can become a Vampire! All you need is a little imagination, a little belief, and . . . our How-To-Do-It Vampire Kit! Then you, too, can become a horrible, foul, monstrous spawn of the Undead . . . a real Vampire, you lucky devil, you. The stakes are high, so don't let this rare opportunity to **BE** somebody slip away from you! Don't be a bloody fool . . . be a bloody Vampire and learn how to neck the easy way! Send now for your Easy-To-Do-It Vampire Kit! It can change your whole life . . . heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh!



RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

VICTOR SPECIALTIES, DEPT. HM-10
P.O. BOX 151, DERBY, CONN.

(No C.O.D.)

Enclosed is \$1.00 (cash, check, money order)

Please rush me my **DO-IT-YOURSELF VAMPIRE KIT!**

Name

Address

City Zone State

BACK COPIES 40¢ each

HORROR MONSTERS



#1 — The House On Haunted Hill
Lon Chaney, Jr.
Devil's Messenger
Mothra-Manster Of The Atomic Age



#7 — Lon Chaney, Sr.
Men-Made Monster
Werewolf In Girl's
Dorm
Man Who Could Cheat Death



#4 — Life Of Bela Lugosi
Shock Theater
The Mummy's Curse
Man Of Horror
The Cat Creeps



#6 — The Brain That Wouldn't Die
The Fly
Where Monsters Walk
Invisible Man Returns

MAD MONSTERS



#1 — Chaney, Champion of Chills
The Strangler
The Giant Behemoth
"Devil Bat": A Horror Classic



#2 — Bela Lugosi — Master of Horror
Werewolf Album
House Of Horror
Bride Of Dracula



#6 — Boris Karloff — Mac of 1,000,000 Horrors
New! "Hunchback of Notre Dame"
"Day of the Triffids"



#7 — I Married a Monster from Outer Space
Corridors of Blood
King Kong vs. Godzilla
The Dandy Mantle

Collector's Edition: BLACK ZOO



- Picture by Picture Account of a Spine Tingling New Horror Movie
- See Savage Beasts Turn City Streets Into a Jungle Hell
- 64 Chilling Pages of Sheer Terror

CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC., Dept. HM-10
CHARLTON BUILDING, DERRY, CONN.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is \$ Please send me:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> HORROR MONSTERS #9 | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD MONSTERS #8 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HORROR MONSTERS #7 | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD MONSTERS #2 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HORROR MONSTERS #8 | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD MONSTERS #6 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BLACK ZOO | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD MONSTERS #7 |

Each magazine 40¢ (35¢, plus 5¢ postage and handling)

Name

Address

City Zone State

